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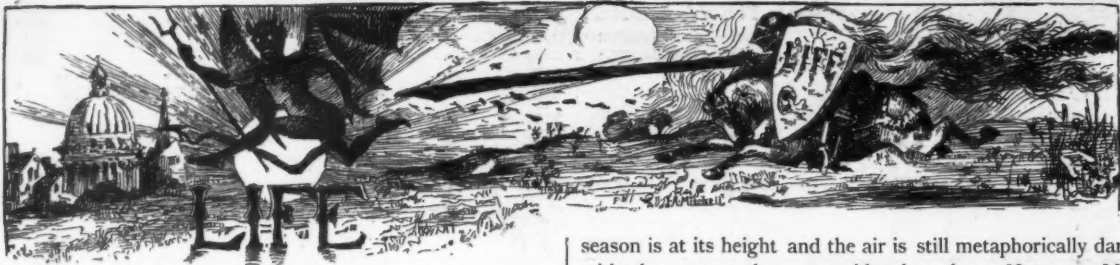
VOLUME VIII.

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LIFE



JULY 4, 1776.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. VIII. JULY 1, 1886. NO. 183.

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A GAIN our country's natal day approaches. Our country is not in all respects what we could wish. Geronimo is not caught yet and Tariff is also at large. Parsons has come in, it is true; but what sloop will beat the Galatea is still an open question. The President has got a new wife, but not yet a new Attorney-General. Mr. Holman's re-nomination is secure; but only one of the boodle Aldermen is in Sing Sing, and the flow of justice is somewhat impeded in its course. Much has been done but much remains to do, and it is not quite an adequate consolation that the session of Congress is fast nearing its close. It is proper to reflect that the common condition of life is one of unfinished business, and that our country is only like the rest of the world, in not being quite up to its work.

BUT touch off the fire works, and let the rockets go up. We are better off than most of our neighbors and have cause abundant enough to congratulate ourselves. The comparative felicity of our condition appears especially from two circumstances. Our neighbor, Nova Scotia, shows unmistakable signs of a disposition to become one of us. If left to herself she would not only sell our fishermen all the bait they wanted, but she would probably say goodbye to the Queen's government altogether, and set up for herself and Uncle Sam. Our properties as the great American loadstone begin to show themselves. Another indication of our welfare appears in our ability to help our neighbors who are less well off than we. Great Britain is almost in the throes of an election. America does not view her peril unmoved. Yankee gold has been prescribed for her, and it is going across the ocean in a steady stream to aid Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell in bringing the patient to a better state of feeling. While we can help our neighbors in this way we must be regarded as truly prosperous.

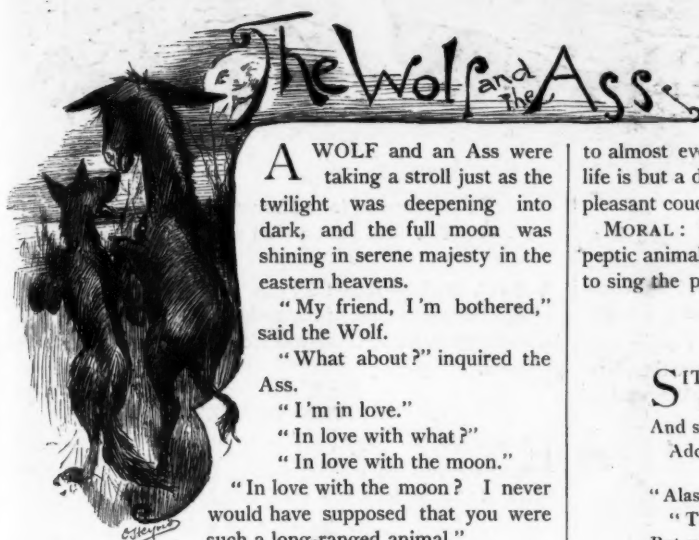
BUT how can we help taking short and pleasant views of life and the national future at a time when so much hopeful oratory has been unbottled. The commencement

season is at its height and the air is still metaphorically dark with the arrows the young idea has shot. Not even Mr. Matthew Arnold's convictions of the imperfections of all existing systems of education can quell the hopeful joy with which we regard the new A. B.'s. Can the world equal them? We think not. In their hands the pen, the oar, the bat, the tennis racket, everything, indeed, except the cigarette, is matchless among junior amateurs. How much they have got to learn, poor young things! But they will learn it fast enough. It is a popular theory that the new Bachelors of Arts are of no use, but that is a vulgar error. They will know all that we know, presently, and a little more.

SOMETHING happens every few days that makes the newspapers, and through them the public, aware of a new word. The world was told the other day that the "nearest agnate" of Louis of Bavaria would reign as regent in his stead. Now we know what agnate means. The last acquisition to the popular vocabulary is "ablegate." Two of them came on the *Servia* to fetch an assignment of hats to the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. Let no one suppose that ablegate is the Italian for hatter. LIFE has exclusive and reliable information to the contrary. The ablegates have nothing to do with the construction of head gear, but are only the Pope's messengers, and fetch and carry for His Holiness on occasions of especial ceremony. The tiles they brought His Grace of Baltimore are two, a red skull cap, for every day use, and the beretta. The latter ornament the Cardinal wears about as often as Queen Victoria does her best crown. It will be put on him with imposing ceremonies on the 30th of June, and when he dies it will be hung up in the cathedral at Baltimore. As a general use, rain or shine hat, it is not much of a success, but it is the making of a Cardinal to have it. Berettas have hitherto been most popular in Italy, where the climate is mild and it does one no harm to go bareheaded.

OUR neighbor, the *Sun*, is engaged in a good work in trying to abolish the nasty cigarette pictures from the tobacco shop windows. In order to be consistent the *Sun* should make affidavit that it has destroyed its famous portrait of Mr. Holman, and that that libel will never appear again. "First cast out the beam that is in thine own eye," saith the Scripture.

IT becomes daily more evident that the President, in dividing his cares, has doubled his Presidential prospects. That two people so unlike as Mr. Holman and Mrs. Cleveland have entire confidence in him naturally increases the trust of the people.



A WOLF and an Ass were taking a stroll just as the twilight was deepening into dark, and the full moon was shining in serene majesty in the eastern heavens.

"My friend, I'm bothered," said the Wolf.

"What about?" inquired the Ass.

"I'm in love."

"In love with what?"

"In love with the moon."

"In love with the moon? I never would have supposed that you were such a long-ranged animal."

"Oh, it's dreadful! Did you ever love an object that was far above you—that was separated from you by impassable barriers?"

"Yes; I once fell in love with a load of hay that was locked up in the stable-loft. Ah, 't was dreadful!"

"My dear friend," said the Wolf, "you spoil everything with such gross ideas. What I feel for the moon is a pure, ethereal, summer-twilight, brookside-meditation sort of love, in no way connected with the vulgar cravings of hunger. The pure sentiment which I entertain yon beautiful orb is lifted immeasurably above such common and homely objects as loads of hay."

"My dear Wolf, you are in a bad way," replied the Ass; "you would be acting wisely to discard that foolishness about the moon. I would n't love anything that was so high up that I could n't kiss it when I felt like it, and that was so far out of my reach that I could n't kick it when I got mad. I don't think that your view of life is the correct one. I find much virtue and excellence in things which you look upon as low and degraded. I regard a square meal as quite an intellectual affair, and, in my opinion, a stack of hay is a vast reservoir of glowing fancies and noble conceptions. My most brilliant ideas wing their flight from the roof of the corn-crib. There is a closer connection than you imagine between physical ease and intellectual achievement. An empty crib is a terrible clog upon the passions of sentiment and creative fancy. I am nothing but an Ass, and not famous for violent mental exercise; but, in spite of that, I sometimes surround and capture a respectable idea. Now, if I were a wealthy author, and owned a clover lot, a full corn-crib, and a dozen stacks of hay, I could write some beautiful conceits about the many charms and the idyllic advantages of poverty. In fact, I'd make you think it a splendid thing to be poor. But it is necessary to take leave of poverty before you are competent to embalm it in fine writing. The 'Cotter's Saturday Night' is a pretty poem

to almost everybody except the cotter. It may be true that life is but a dream, but those dreams are sweetest that visit pleasant couches."

MORAL: This Fable teaches that Pegasus is not a dyspeptic animal; and that it is no easy task for a man in a ditch to sing the praises of muddy water.

INCONSISTENCY.

SITTING with charming Mabel at the play,
I heard a valorous wooer vainly speak,
And saw a pearly teardrop course its way
Adown the pale pink velvet of her cheek.

"Alas! thou inconsistent maid," thought I,
"Thou weepest on beholding him forlorn,
But when before thy feet I sue and sigh,
Thou laughest all my ardent vows to scorn!"

Clinton Scollard.

IT is reported that Mr. Jefferson Davis is in very feeble health. LIFE is sorry to hear it and ventures to hope that his indisposition has not been aggravated by envy of the French Princes, who have in view the prospect of a distinguished exile. Would Mr. Davis have been happier if he had been worse used?



A NAUTICAL VIEW.

Mamma: DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOUR FATHER IS THE MAIN-STAY OF THE FAMILY?

Freddy: GOLLY, AINT HE THOUGH! AND THE SPANKER, TOO.



TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

A CONVENIENT substitute for an alarm clock is a lighted candle inserted in the ear of a sleeping man. Cut the candle so that it will burn out just at the time when you wish to awake, and four times out of five you will wake up at the proper time.

YOU can prevent milk from souring during a thunderstorm by telling your family that the thunder is Wagnerian music.

BEEES can be prevented from stinging by casing their rear-guards in tight-fitting silk muzzles.

To keep your wife from scolding you for buying pools at a horse race, be sure to back the right horse.

A NEW convert to total abstinence can cure the headache by sleeping all night in a mint patch.

A PLEASANT way to cure a snake bite is to take a couple of "cock-tails" a week before meeting the snake.

AN ordinary horse-block can be utilized as a substantial substitute for the broken leg of a chair.

YOU can heighten the popularity of an amateur cornet player by pouring a quart of boiled tar in his cornet while he is asleep. If this does n't succeed, use a sledge hammer instead of the tar.

A TRAMP'S VERSION—"Half a loaf is better than hard work all the time."

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



O, BE THOU DAMNED, INEXORABLE DOG!
Merchant of Venice, IV., 2.

IF fit material for a kiss you seek,
You need but two lips and a little cheek.

MRS. MALAPROP: I'm so glad, John, that we do n't belong to none of them old Dutch families. It must be so disagreeable to think you are descended from some old poltroon.

BOSTON CULTURE.

ELEVATOR BOY: Who is this Webster, anyway, they've been making such a fuss about up at Concord? Is he the man who was hung?

IT is the bustle that continues to "bob up serenely."

AS TO NAMES.

A MAN'S name ought to be chosen with reference to some leading trait of character or his position in life. In behalf of this much-needed reform we offer the following suggestions: For

- A car-driver—Oscar;
- A Unitarian divine—Noel;
- A man who is always late—Benjamin;
- An undertaker—Paul;
- A car conductor—Micah;
- A farmer—Hosea;
- A seedsman—Timothy;
- A builder—Lot;
- A dutiful son—Marcus;
- A Baltimore girl—Amabel;
- A hair dresser—Barbara;
- A chemist's wife—Ann Eliza;
- A man who can't take a joke—Solomon.

H. V. S.

"A LIBERAL member of thirty years' standing," says an English correspondent, "complained bitterly of being obliged to sit cross-legged on the floor during a recent speech in Parliament." We should think any kind of a seat would have been a relief to the poor man after standing so long.

"HORACE, why do n't you sit down? You've been standing there for over an hour."

"Cawn't sit down, Fweddle. Going to the reception, you know."

"Well, what of that? It's early yet."

"Just had my twowsers cweased, Fweddle. Do you think I've got s-s-s-softening of the bwain?"



I THINK I like the springtime best,
For in the spring the loveliest
Of flowers that bud shrinks, self-confest,
Her vanquished rival;
And as she moves, the very air
Is purer for her passing—where
She treads, the broken cowslips care
For her survival.

But in the drifting summer days
There's not a bird but tells her praise,
And loving her is but a phase
Of living near her:
This surely is the "golden prime"—
Now dearest sounds the charming chime
Of life and love—this is the time
To most endear her!

Yet, when the twilight earlier falls,
And through its shadows come the calls
Of autumn's heralds, she enthalls
Me just as surely,
For while the rose tree's glories fade
Her radiance is the more displayed—
Supreme—the fairest thing that's made
She reigns securely.

Still, after all, when Boreas flies
Around the world and sees her eyes
Outshine the pole-star in the skies
That arch above her—
This season stands without a peer—
These are the days I hold most dear,
For soon will dawn a whole new year
In which to love her!

Mark Mallow.



"A MOONLIGHT BOY."

TO touch the pathos and the humor of quiet, narrow lives, to bring the clear note of human kindness from a very cheap and commonplace instrument, to show what makes life and home and family altogether as dear to the peasant as the king—these are the glory of a novelist. Such stories break down the barriers of caste and widen human sympathy.

When E. W. Howe wrote "The Story of a Country Town" he made a touching revelation of the hard and narrow existences which fill up the measure of pioneer life. And he showed, too, how love might be the blessing or the bane of such lives. There were gleams of humor in it, grim and grotesque as the odd people who struggled there with fate.

In "The Mystery of the Locks" he gave more play to fancy. The fates were just as relentless, but their sombre garments were ornamented with exquisite embroidery.

The author seemed to have added the power of construction and some artistic sense to his keen observation and sympathy.

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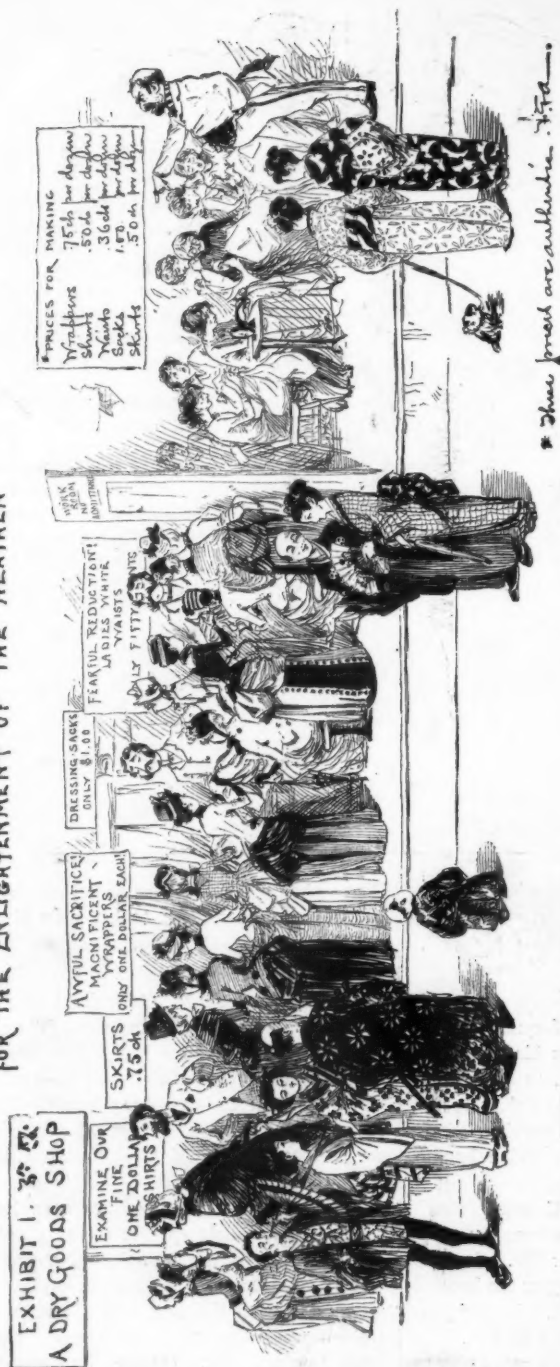
HIS third story, "A Moonlight Boy" (Ticknor & Co.), is a mingling of success and failure. It would appear that Mr. Howe had been driven by criticism to put more sunshine in his books. This has probably led him to make a serious mistake, to break away from the Western scenery and life, which he knows thoroughly, because he has lived it, and to attempt pictures of New York life, which he has only hastily seen in brief visits.

His attempts at finding humor in New York are very dismal. The whole episode of the *Night Watch* and the Barton family is not humor, but coarse horse-play. The Boston aristocrat and poet is an even worse failure. Such characters need the light touch and searching satire of a trained writer to illuminate them. Mr. Howe is not a trained writer. But he is one of a strange force and insight which are all his own. Let him be true to these gifts and he will not fail again.

WHY SHOULD NOT WE, IN IMITATION OF THE JAPANESE AND HINDOO VILLAGES IN LONDON
AND THE JAPANESE VILLAGE NOW TRAVELING IN THIS COUNTRY, SEND ABOARD

AN AMERICAN TOWN

FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE HEATHEN



THE old charm is never wanting in the first hundred pages of the story and the closing chapters, when the scene is laid at Three Rivers. There is nothing quite so entertaining in his other stories as the adventures of *Tibby Cole* and *Pidge* and *King* at the western singing conventions. One could have traveled throughout the whole novel with such amusing companions. And those inimitable scenes between *Tibby* and his wife, when the latter was trying to be cross with her half-tipsy husband!—they redeem the book from its greatest fault.

We have sincere admiration for the work of Mr. Howe. We believe that he will surpass his much-praised first story. There are evidences of growth in the right direction in a "*Moonlight Boy*;" but he must keep close to that country where his deepest experiences have been felt.

Droch.

• NEW BOOKS •

AN AMERICAN FOUR-IN-HAND IN BRITAIN. By Andrew Carnegie. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Children of the Earth. By Annie Robertson Macfarlane. Henry Holt & Co.

Southern California. By Theodore S. Van Dyke. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

The Man Who Was Guilty. By Flora Haines Loughead. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Series.

Aspirations. A Novel. By Helen Hays. Thomas Whittaker, New York.

THE French are making a new gun intended to discharge manuscript spring poems into the ranks of the enemy; but the Germans heard of it through a spy, and are manufacturing a mortar that will shoot a whole spring poet a distance of nine miles. The penetrating power of these guns must be left to the imagination. An iron-clad editorial office would be no defence at all.

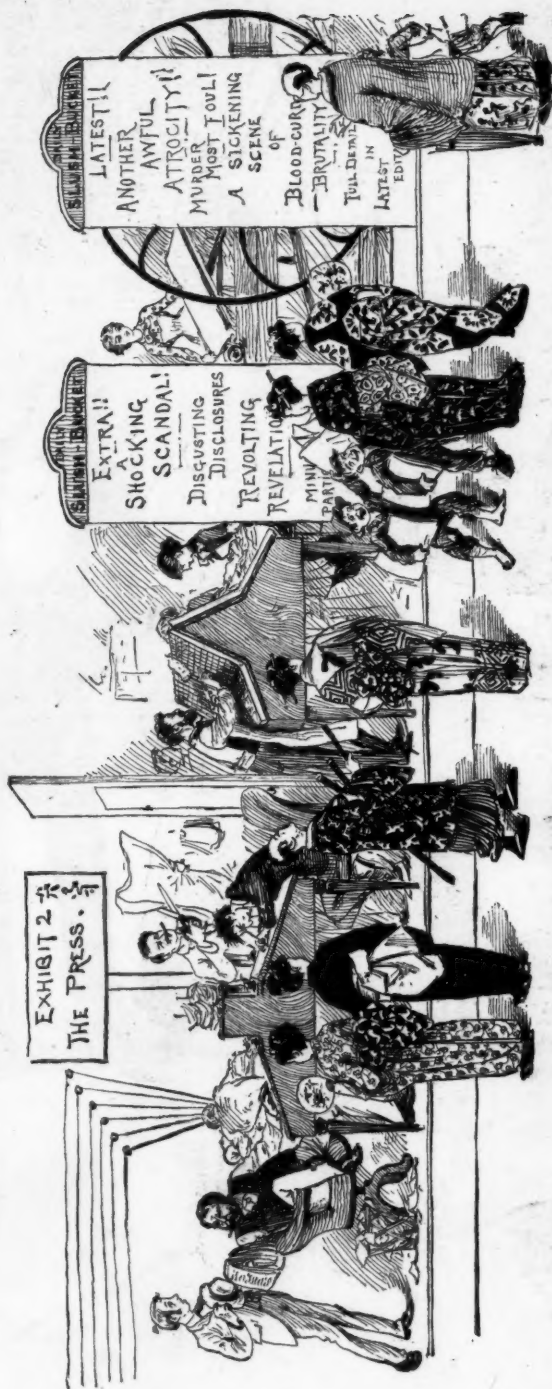
ONLY ONCE OVER.

CUSTOMER (in barber's chair):
Were you ever a butcher?

Barber: No, sir. But my fadder vas a butcher by dot Vashington market. He vas a good butcher.

Customer: You have inherited his talent. Only once over, please.

COMPANIONS-IN-ARMS—Twins.



THE FUNNY MAN.

THE "funny man" sat in his easy chair,
But the chair was n't easy to *him* ;
For his eyes were fixed in a vacant glare,
And his face was dark and grim.

"I've written 'em up, an' I've written 'em down—
The Mother-in-Law and the Dude,
Chicago girl's boot and the Congressman's loot,
And the Young Wife's slack-baked food.

"My liver is torpid, I'm losing in girth,
My brain 's slowly oozing away ;
O the ghastliest joke on this whole wide earth
Is this *being funny for pay* !"

* * * * *

He sits to-day in his easy chair
With a smile on his plump, round cheek,
There 's an unctuous roll in his voice when'er
He laughs or he tries to speak.

For he writes the "Death Notices—one line per dime,"
And he pens all the elegies sad ;
He revels in "Accidents," "Murders" and "Crimes,"
And "One More Good Man Gone Bad !"

As he writes up the items of "Scalded Child"
His "asides" keep the room in a roar ;
For his wit runs riot in fancies wild,
Since he 's funny for pay no more.

Richard Lloyd.

ANY PORT IN A STORM.

LIGHTNING ROD AGENT : It 's dangerous to be under
this tree in a thunder storm. One of us might get
killed.

Victim : Well, if *you* are killed, you won't be able to talk
any more ; and if *I* am killed, I can't hear you. So I guess
we 'd better stay.

A TRIFLE CLUMSY AT IT.

"**I** HOPE, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher to
her new scholar, "that your parents are good
Christians?"

"Well, ma is," replied Johnny, "an' pa used to be, but I
guess he is a little out of practice now."

THE adventurous spirits (not to say f—ls) are not all
dead yet. Some more of them are on the brink of
expeditions to the vicinity of the North Pole. This time it is
the fashion to make the trip by land. It looks as if the
natural obstacles devised by the Creator to secure the
privacy of the Pole were insufficient. A barbed wire fence
may yet be needed for it.

MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY has found out all about
it, and is sure that Lord Bacon wrote Shakespere's
complete works. **LIFE** is ready to prove that the real author
of Ignatius Donnelly is Mark Twain. For proofs address
"Clemens, Hartford, Conn."



THE NEGLECTED FO

SHE'S NOT ENSH, Y' K



W.A. Rogers.

LED FOURTH.

T ENH, Y' KNOW.



THE college baseball season has resulted in giving the championship to Yale. This seems to be a fair movement on the part of the fates. Princeton won the football championship, and Harvard is pretty sure to take the boat race, so that there will be an equal division of honors. It seems only just to say, however, that Princeton had the best college team in the association this year. Their defeat was owing to bad luck. If Brownlee, their catcher, had not had a finger broken at the fourteen-innings game with Harvard, their team would have given a different turn to affairs before the end of the season. But these things are the fortune of war, and college men must learn, among other things, that the race is not to the swift alone.

WENDELL BAKER, the sprint runner, is fulfilling my prophecy that he would be the successor of Myers in amateur circles. I am not quite satisfied in regard to his record at 220 yards, which he is credited with making at Cambridge recently in an even 22 seconds. There is no doubt about his being the fastest man in America at that distance, bar none; but it is said that the track on which he ran is not level, and I have no confidence in the timers in any city except this. The best proof of their relentless certainty is that men who make all kinds of wonderful records in the West, East and South, can never do anything remarkable under the watches of our expert metropolitan timers. But Baker did break the 125-yard record at the Manhattan games, and it is safe to say that, even if he did not make 220 yards in even time, he covered the distance faster than it ever was covered before.

PROPHECY is an uncertain business. It is nowhere more uncertain than in regard to matters of sport. It seems to me, however, that a little prophecy in regard to the four big yachts may save some people money. There has been a reckless disposition to back the *Priscilla* because she won two races. Others want to back the *Puritan* because she won one. The fact of the matter is that, so far as the mere fact of winning goes, the races have proved nothing. The *Priscilla* won two races in light winds and light seas. In such weather she is a fast boat. But in heavy weather nothing can make that boat go fast enough to win a race. She is too flat to force her way through heavy seas.

THE *Puritan*, we all know, can sail in heavy weather as well as light. She has been tried and found a flyer in all kinds of weather. The only question is, can the *Mayflower* beat her? It looks as if she could do it in moderate weather. At the Seawanhaka regatta she crossed the line twenty-four minutes and fifty-three seconds behind the

Puritan and finished seven minutes behind her. The *Mayflower* looks like a goer in heavy weather. We have not seen her sail in a blow or a seaway yet, but it would be well to know something of what she can do before placing money on the other boats. As for the *Atlantic*, material alterations must be made in her before she can compete with the other three. She is probably a good boat in a stiff wind, but she is slow and unweatherly in light winds. *Tricotrin.*

AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

THE *Prince Karl* of Mr. Richard Mansfield is a most enjoyable creation. One's interest in the unfortunate but amusing nobleman never flags; he is a mixture of comic grief and tragic mirth that rend and convulse by turns. Mr. Mansfield never overacts, and we regret that his own finished performance should not have the support of a better company. That, however, is his misfortune, not his fault, as the Boston Museum Company were called away unexpectedly leaving him to organize another as best he could, and at very short notice.

SHAKESPEARE ON BASEBALL.

"THE nine worthies."
 "Pardon me, if I speak like a captain."
 "Will make him fly an ordinary pitch."
 "No doubt but that he hath got a quiet catch."
 "I'll have an action of battery against him."
 "Masking the business from the common eye."
 "Kind umpire of men's miseries."
 "Must have a stop."
 "Had no other books but the score and the tally."
 "As swift in motion as a ball."
 "A hit, a very palpable hit."
 "It was a black, ill-flavored fly."
 "For nothing can seem foul to those that win."
 "Our play is preferred."
 "The base is right."
 "'Tis time we twain did show ourselves i' the field."
 "Taste your legs; put them to motion."
 "He that runs fastest gets the ring."
 "Would I were gently put out of office, before I were forced out."

PER ASTRA AD ASPERA.

UPON a platform decked with flowers she stands
 And reads her essay to th' admiring throng;
 "Life's ocean" is the burden of her song,—
 (Revamped to meet each added year's demands.)
 In lofty sentiments the theme expands,
 And e'en the dullest boy describes a gleam
 Of coming golden ages and to dream
 Of honors which he scarcely understands.

The muslin apparition fades away.
 Returning reason tells us that the day
 Of offices unnumbered is not yet.
 Until the maiden's prophecies come true,
 Collectorships will still be very few,
 And consulates most difficult to get.

Drysdale.



THE SUBMARINE FARMING COMPANY.

CULTIVATE THE FALLOW
FIELDS BENEATH THE
FLOOD.

EVEN at this day the Atlantic Coast States are becoming so densely populated that there is hardly enough farm land to go round; and, in view of this, it has occurred to certain capitalists that the tillable area may be largely and beneficially increased by making use of the immense tracts of land now lying waste beneath the ocean.

The Submarine Farming Company having obtained a grant of 1,000,000 acres of these sea lands, now propose starting a model farm beneath the ocean, three miles off Coney Island; and thereby ascertain, by actual experiment, if the new and advanced theory is feasible.

The operations of the submarine farm will be carried on by a skilled corps of farmers, safely encased in the most approved diving bells, and the live stock necessary to the work will be similarly covered, thus ensuring to man and beast, during their labors, a constant current of bracing sea air.

It is believed that seaweeds, under proper culture, may become, in course of time, a valuable food product; and huge



A FARM SCENE.

paddies of rice—that water-loving plant—will also be cultivated, a sinker being attached to each grain at the time it is planted. Our other cereals may be induced to grow on the saline meadows. To be sure, they are now considered as land growths; but we put this pertinent question: Has any actual experiment proved that they will not also thrive on ocean fields?

The great point in our favor is that there can never be any drought on our fields. Another point is that pioneer settlers will not have to spend half their lives in clearing off trees; and the only snag the submarine plow will ever encounter will be—possibly—some old money chest of Captain Kidd. The debris from Coney Island will be a free fertilizer.

To write up the country we have engaged an ex-Florida land novelist, and we are now training him in the use of the diving bell, preparatory to the commencement of his labors. To accustom himself to this peculiar line of literary work, he has written the following idyl:

THE MODERN MERMAID;

OR, THE DIVING BELLE AND HER SUBMARINE SUITOR.

An Ichthyologic Idyl (Fish Story).

(All dramatic rights reserved.)



HE sea-weed maid, Babette, was the dutiful daughter of a diver, and every bright morn she donned one of her father's business suits, and, sinking to the bottom of the sea, walked

through her submarine garden, hunting for fish eggs and culling simples for his frugal repast. Little Babette was kind hearted, and the fishes lovingly followed in her wake. She brought them crumbs of baker's bread, and one little snub-nosed *chondropterygian*, whom she dearly loved, always received a special dainty doughnut crumb. This little fellow, behind whose gills, woman-like, she had tied a water-proof celluloid bow, was trained to carry her basket, and she led him by a string, fast-

ened through an old fish-hook hole in his mouth. The little fellow, whom she called "Nathaniel," was very proud of his special distinction.

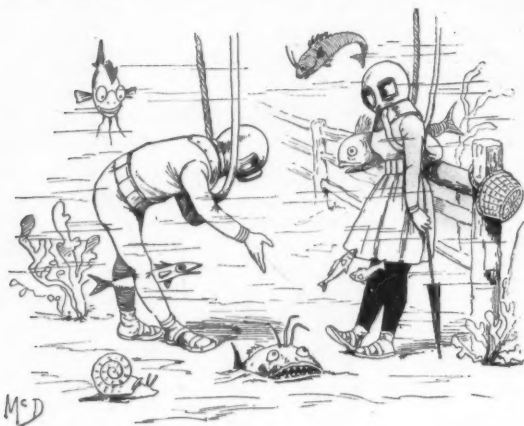
One day while intent on her filial food task she was startled



at seeing a strange diver approach her, stubbing his toe on a

cable as he neared. The new comer, with his free, open bearing, was fair to behold; and she felt a tremor at her heart as he stopped at a respectful distance and regarded her with evident admiration.

Oral converse was, under the circumstances, impossible; but with the expressive signs of the United States deaf and dumb language he told the maid his passion. He pointed to



"SHE FELT A TREMOR AT HER HEART."

his heart, and then from the ends of his fingers came the vows with which man woos woman.

Simple, trusting Babette! Child wife! Soon he had his arm about her waist, and her encased head lay confidingly on his bosom. In troth it was a pretty picture.

But true love never runs smooth. Babette had divers diver lovers; and, as she stood thus encircled, with her little foot idly tapping the Mackay-Bennett cable, a rejected suitor

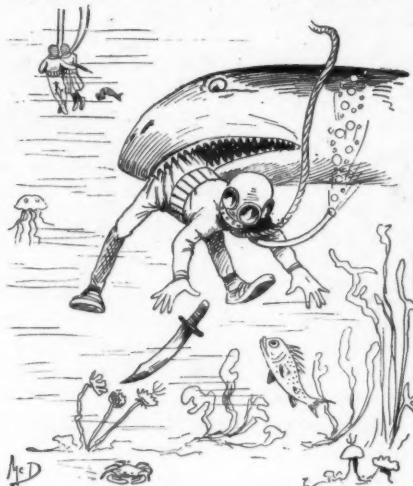


THE PRETTY PICTURE.

happened that way, in his search for a garbage scow which had been recently sunk.

He started and glared at the sight of Babette and a favored rival.

He stamped his foot—he shook his fist at the pair.



THE VILLAIN RETIRES.

He would kill that rival—he would cut his rubber air pipe!

With a clasp-knife aloft—with a howl which was confined to his iron cowl, he rushed on the unconscious pair.

Just as the knife was about to descend there was a swoop above, a turn of a dorsal fin, a flash of a mighty tail, and



THE WEDDING.

the would-be murderer was checked in his foul act, and whisked away to meet, himself, a shark-ing death.

Babette and her diver, unconscious of all but themselves, strolled on, arm in arm, apast the house of the *hippoglossoides* and the lair of the jelly-fish, along by the home of the *myxinoid* (half-brother to the *charleywampus*).

On they went, unmolested, until, happening to meet another diver, who, on earth, was a justice of the peace, they knelt, and were made merman and wife. Wallace Peck.



READY FOR ANYTHING.

AN Irishman applied to a lady who had taken a house at Bray for the summer for employment. "But, my good man," replied the lady, "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do." "Ah, thin, ma'am, if ye only knew how little work it 'd take to occupy me!"—*Ex.*

"GATH's" *post-mortem* abuse of George H. Butler is explained. It seems that on one occasion, when George was asked to name the three greatest liars in America, he replied: "Eli Perkins is one and George Alfred Townsend is the other two."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

UNFOUNDED RUMOR.—A small boy was detected by a stingy farmer in one of his cherry trees. The farmer made the boy come down and talked very seriously to him about the sinfulness of stealing. The boy answered indignantly: "Now, you just count them cherries over again and see if there is one of 'em missing before you insinuate that I took it."—*Texas Siftings.*

MR. ROSENSCHWEIZER (entering a country store): Ah, how do you do, Mr. Jayhawk? How vas drade? Dake a cigar. Peauf-tiful vether; ain't it. Vant any goots in our line, Mr. Jayhawk?

Mr. J.—No, reckon not. Store is all stocked up.

Mr. R.—Is dot so? I'm very sorry. May I drouble you to give me dot cigar? I got to gif it to Mr. Gawk across der vay.—*Chicago Rambler.*

SUITOR: "Sir, you are undoubtedly aware of the object of my visit?" **FATHER:** "I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you really mean it?" **SUITOR:** "Unquestionably." **FATHER:** "Well, do n't marry her, then."—*Ex.*

"You say the coat is four dollars?"

"Four tollar, mine frien."

"And you warrant it all wool?"

"All vool except de puttons and putton-holes"

"How the dickens can you afford to sell an all wool coat for four dollars?"

"Mine frien, I do n't vonder you vas surprised. Vy de vool in dot goat vas vorth more as four tollar, so helup me Moses."

"Then you must lose money on it?"

"Py shiminy gracious! you makes me tired! But, mine dere frien, I told you von liddle segret, und do n't you gif it away. De fleeces on de packs of dose sheeps vot grew dot vool was *misfits*, and haf to be sold at great reductions!"—*Boston Record.*

SHE had a lovely foot, and her visitors were admiring it. They were ladies, of course. A man who is not a shoemaker dares not mention such a thing unless they are alone in a dim corner of the drawing-room where nobody can overhear.

"What a beautiful foot you have, dear?"

"Yes. Pa says when we go to Europe he'll have a bust of it made."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"THE remains of your brother-in-law are to be shipped east, are they not?" "Yes, we expect them to arrive Monday, and the obsequies will take place on Wednesday." "Have you thought of an epitaph on his tombstone?" "Yes, we shall inscribe simply: 'He wore a plug hat in Nevada.'"—*Merchant Traveler.*

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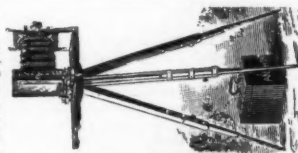
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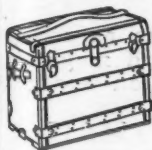
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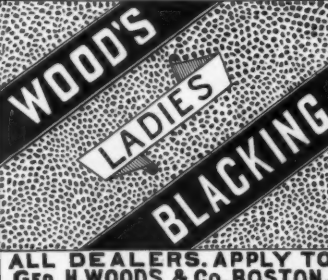
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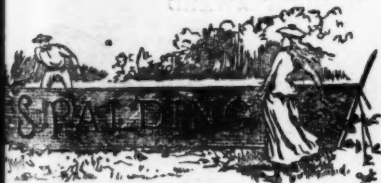
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